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THOU PREPAREST A TABLE

by
WILLIAM C. SKEATH



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THOU PREPAREST A TABLE

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TO
HELEN AND BURWELL NIMMONS
WHOSE FRIENDSHIP THROUGH THE YEARS
HAS BEEN AN INSPIRATION AND COMFORT

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THE SCRIPTURAL STORY

THEN ONE OF THE TWELVE, CALLED JUDAS ISCARIOT, went unto the chief priests, and said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver.

And the first day of unleavened bread, when they killed the passover, his disciples said unto him, Where wilt thou that we go and prepare that thou mayest eat the passover? And he sendeth forth two of his disciples, and saith unto them, Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him. And wheresoever he shall go in, say ye to the goodman of the house, The Master saith, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And he will shew you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us. And his disciples went forth, and came into the city, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover.

And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest. And he said unto them, The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so: but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve.

He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the dis-

ciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. Then cometh he to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter. Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit. . . . So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I? . . . Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake. He then lying on Jesus' breast saith unto him, Lord, who is it? Jesus answered, He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it. And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. And after

the sop Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spake this unto him. For some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, Buy those things that we have need of against the feast; or, that he should give something to the poor. He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night.

And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. . . . And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them: and they all drank of it. And he said unto them, This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many. Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God.

Jesus said, Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him. . . . Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. . . . Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. . . . I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto

you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. . . . But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. . . . Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

. . .

These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come: glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee. . . . I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world. And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word.

. . .

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

I

THE SETTING

A HOMELY THING

It is a homely thing to do—

 This ironing.

Yet there is naive joy, and fascination, too,

In seeing wrinkled roughness disappear,

Till transformed garments, smoothed and soothed,

 Seem new.

If I could press life's wrinkles out,

 At least a few,

Smooth frets and worries, quarrels, care and strife,

Would that, too, be a homely thing to do—

To iron some rankling roughness

 Out of life?

—KATE H. ROBISON

THE TRAGEDY OF PASSION WEEK BEGINS ON WEDNES-day. On that day Judas makes his momentous decision, and enters into an agreement with the Jewish leaders to betray Jesus. That, probably, is why Jesus remained in comparative quiet at Bethany throughout the long hours of Thursday morning and early afternoon. Just how he spent these hours we do not know. Perhaps, for the most part, in prayer, seeking to discover the most intimate details of the Father's will. Probably there were moments of holy conversation with the disciples and of fellowship, long to be remembered, with those friends who had so kindly placed their home at Bethany at the disposal of Jesus during his last week on earth. Somehow the long hours, registered in the changing shadows of the narrow streets, must have dragged themselves along.

Though refreshing to the tired nerves of our Master, these hours of quiet resting were exceedingly irksome to the disciples. They had not followed Jesus from Galilee to the neighborhood of Jerusalem simply to while away the hours in a little country village. They had come with him under the impression that sometime during these feast days Jesus would reveal his divine majesty and restore the kingdom to Israel. Now the week of the feast was fast slipping away, and he had done nothing. What did he mean by this sudden retirement in Bethany? The disciples were orthodox Jews. Part of their purpose in following Jesus to the city was the desire—in the breast of every Jew—to be in Jerusalem during the holy week and to eat the Passover in the Holy City. That Passover was to be eaten this very eve-

ning; and, so far as the disciples could see, not a single step had been taken for the preparation of the Passover, or to secure a place in which to celebrate it.

One can easily catch their impatience as they come to Jesus saying, "Where wilt thou that we go and prepare that thou mightest eat the passover?" "It is getting late," they may have said. "This afternoon the Passover lamb must be killed and prepared. That can be done only in the Temple, and the Temple is a good two miles from here. And after we have got the lamb from the priests, where will we, at this late hour, find a place where we may eat it in the prescribed manner? Every available room in Jerusalem long since will have been pre-empted. Here we are idling away the precious moments. What do you want us to do about it?"

Though long years have passed since that afternoon, we disciples of Jesus have not even yet learned our lesson. But our Christ does not forget! We only think he forgets. Our impatience is just as great as the impatience of the disciples. We want our prayers answered at once. We want victory to come in a moment. We want the Kingdom to be ushered in with apocalyptic pomp and glory long before the time set by divine wisdom. Why can't God show a little action? is what we are always saying. What we need—what those disciples needed that Thursday afternoon—is *patience!*

Not for the day
Do I ask bread of patience,
But for the hour.
I would not rob the whole of heaven
Of its immediate kindliness,

Nor strip the cupboards of the gods
Of all the charity
Stored to alleviate the wants of man.

But I have desperate need,
And ask for hour-hand's circle
Steeped high in full measure
With sweet compassion
And mild thoughts of love.

—MERAB EBERLE

But though his followers are wont to be impatient, Jesus never is. That may be because he realizes our human weaknesses. Or it may be because he knows, as we cannot know, what is God's plan for each of us. More and more, as we place ourselves in the will of God, we find that God goes before us shaping events—events which seem too trivial for any importance—to work out his immutable design. A rain falling quietly on the fields of Flanders and a fog drifting slowly over the English Channel at Dunkirk were trivial, commonplace things; but in the divine providence they meant the downfall of Napoleon, and the frustration of Hitler.

Even the impatience of the disciples seems timed to the divine purpose. For their complaint comes just at the moment when there is time enough to get from Bethany to the fountain in the city at the exact moment when people will be drawing water for the next day's feasting. "Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him. And wheresoever he shall go in, say ye to the goodman of the house, the Master saith, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And

he will shew you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us."

It is quite useless to speculate whether Jesus had all this arranged beforehand, or who the man was who bore the pitcher of water, or whether Jesus was trying to keep the place from the knowledge of Judas, or any of the many questions which sometimes arise. The outstanding fact is the omniscience of Jesus. And joined with this omniscience is the manipulation of events by a wise and loving providence which shapes our ends, "rough-hew them how we will."

Yet there is something intriguing about the man who bore that pitcher. In picking him out from the crowd there need be no hesitation on the part of the disciples. Small indeed was the likelihood of any other man's drawing water at the well. That was a woman's work. Any man would slink to it covertly, and hurry away as fast as he could. So it may well be that the disciples were hard put to obey their Master and follow the man to the house from which he had come. Just why a man-servant should have been assigned this task we do not know. We know only that he did the distasteful task, and in doing it he did God a service.

In that there is a lesson for us. Our task may seem humble, even menial, but if it is in God's will, great results may well come out of it, even though we never become aware of them.

Who sweeps a room as by thy laws,
Makes that and the action great.

So sings a poet. No task is menial if it is God's will for us. On that Thursday afternoon no one but a man could

have sufficed. Among the crowd of women at the well, no woman could have been distinctive enough to have given the disciples the clue. But a man doing an unusual and menial task! That indeed fitted into the plan of Christ!

Ah can it be, this day of dire distress
Is after all, a thing of blessedness,
That God, through love, is merely hastening
The necessary work of chastening,
Revealing to the world His precious plan
To bring about the Brotherhood of man;
To lift us all from out this earthly clod
Into the everlasting arms of God?

Perhaps; for when one mortal cries in need,
Another answers with a kindly deed;
When fortune fails, men sometimes learn that thrift
Unselfishly performed, is but a gift—
That after all, we simply have the loan
Of gifts which only God in heaven can own;
And knowing this, he'd have us all depend
Upon His guiding spirit to the end.

—JESSIE GRAY SHERMAN

II

THE SANCTUARY

SANCTUM

It was an autumn eventide
With tang of frost in air;
The maple trees were all aglow,
Transformed, surpassing fair;
The stalwart oaks were sunset-crowned,
Strong-rooted for the storms;
And sumachs with their ruddy garb
Bedecked their slender forms.

An Artist with a brush of fire,
Had climbed a heavenly stair
And on the canvas of the sky
Flung flaming colors there.
The water-fowl in V-shaped flight,
High-winged on their way,
Had heard the sunny southland's call
Which brooked of no delay.

A feathered songster's vibrant notes
Ascended like a prayer,
I stood—and humbly bowed my head;
I knew that God was there.

—JOSEPH J. SHARP

IT IS THURSDAY AFTERNOON IN JERUSALEM. THE CITY'S two hundred thousand people have been joined by an influx of strangers, until probably a million persons are crowded into its homes and environs. The streets swarm with persons intent on preparation for the important event of the evening. Men are coming to the temple to purchase the lamb required as part of the feast. Women are hurrying to and from the various fountains of the city to secure for their homes the water which it would be unlawful to carry on the following day. Every phase of the varied life of the city evidences excited activity.

Let us follow Peter and John as they follow the man bearing the pitcher of water. They come to a rather pretentious home. After asking the head of the house where they are to eat of the Passover—as Jesus had instructed them—they are shown a room the like of which probably never had been used by Jesus as a meeting place for his disciples. Let us look around the room as the two disciples enter it.

In size it is an unusual room. Most of the rooms in Jerusalem houses were small—this is unusually large. If we are right in our supposition, this is the room in which the disciples gathered after the ascension of Jesus, the same room in which they later received the gift of the Holy Spirit. (Acts 1:12-13.) If that is so, then the room would hold at least 120 persons. That, in itself, shows its unusual character. It was, without doubt, the guestchamber, the best as well as the largest room in the house.

But there is another peculiarity about this room. It

is an upper room. That is, a room under the dome of the house, away from the noise and bustle of the street, a room in which the raucous noises of the pleasure-seeking masses, or the greedy shrieks of the money-changers in the temple, or even the ordinary distracting sounds of household activities could not come. It was not an ordinary living room where the family might gather socially, but a room to which one might go for quieting of mind and spirit.

The furniture also strikes us as exceptional. It seems strange to those who recall that Jesus had no place where he might lay his head, there was no "room" in the inn for him to be born. The furnishings give evidence of a degree of wealth. There is carpet on the floor. The couches upon which the guests are to recline reveal the taste and culture of their owner. The long table stands ready with full appointments for the meal. At the far end of the room is a singular article of furniture. When our eyes become accustomed to the dim light, we see that it is an altar.¹ So that is it! This room is accustomed to the sound of prayer, the whispered worship of the great Jehovah. It is the throne room of the heart of the man who dwells in this house!

But this is a special occasion. It is not enough to have a room of fine furnishings and of worshipful memories. For this occasion there must be a special preparation. When Peter and John were told by Jesus that the room would be ready, they knew that the owner of the house had taken a candle and searched every nook and corner lest some slight crumb of leavened bread from other

¹ The word translated "furnished" means "laid out with carpets." It may also signify the couches for guests to recline upon as they eat. Altars appear to have been erected in upper chambers of the roof. See II Kings 23:12.

meals might still remain in the room. It was not only a room large and furnished. It was a room prepared and ready!

That upper chamber has been one of the goals of countless pilgrims visiting Jerusalem. It cannot now be located with any degree of definiteness. If we knew just where it is, we would travel the earth over to see it. When we entered it we would remove the shoes from our feet in an intuitive consciousness that the spot is holy ground. Can we not again, even after all these years, provide such a room for our Master in which we can worship with him? Can there not be in our lives a large place, apart from the noises of sin, furnished with the wealth of our spirits, prepared especially for his coming by the eradication of our sinful desires—a large, private room, prepared and ready, in our hearts for Jesus? We ought to do no less than that every time we participate in the meal which he instituted in the Upper Room two thousand years ago.

Some of us have been privileged to stand upon the spot where Patrick Henry made his immortal plea for liberty. What stirring memories rushed to the mind as we stood there. Were it our privilege now to stand in the Upper Room, what memories would throng our souls, memories of events which history has written into the records concerning this room! If we were very still, the whispered arguments as to who is the greatest among the disciples might slip into our ears. Or it might be the startled exclamation which burst from the lips of each disciple as he looked into his own heart and saw that *his* pride might easily lead him to be the one who should betray his Lord.

At the center of the long table, on the far side, Jesus

reclined as he took the cup and the bread and made a covenant between himself and these disciples. "This is my body, which is broken for you." "This cup is the new testament in my blood." Down the ages men have taken these, the simple elements of an ordinary meal, and made them the means by which they have entered into the fellowship of his death.

It was at the far corner of the room near the altar that Peter was kneeling when the sound of a rushing mighty wind filled the room, when strange glows, like tongues of fire, flitted through the air and settled on the heads of the 120 persons who were there. Soon every corner of the room was re-echoing the shouts of praise that arose from the hearts and lips of those worshipping disciples. (Acts 2:1-4.)

The night that Peter lay in prison, waiting for the executioner to summon him to death, this room was crowded again. Once more all were in the mood of prayer. From the lips of the disciples rose petition after petition asking help from God. They were obeying the divine injunction, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." (Ps. 50:15.) Even while they pray, the sound of a knocking is heard upon the door. An excited girl comes rushing up the steps saying that she recognizes Peter's voice outside the door. "Impossible!" exclaim some. "Or else it is his ghost." But it is not Peter's ghost who enters and hurries to the same spot in which he had prayed so many times before. It is Peter himself who now kneels in that room, and praises God for another deliverance. (Acts 12:11-17.)

Ah yes! Stirring and holy memories cluster around this room. And those stirring memories can become

actualities in our lives. In the Upper Room of our hearts, prepared and ready, that Supper may again be eaten, the Holy Spirit again be given, and our prayers can prevail as mightily as did those prayers of other days. Let us get the room ready. Let us drive out every sin and every hateful evil thought. Let us again eat the Supper of our Lord, with the old-time prayer on our lips: "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name."

III

THE STRIFE

LIFE

Life is too brief
Between the budding and the falling leaf.
Between the seed time and the golden sheaf,
 For hate and spite.
We have no time for malice and for greed,
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;
 Fast speeds the night.

Life is too swift
Between the blossom and the white snow's drift,
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,
 For bitter words.
In kindness and in gentleness our speech
Must carry messages of hope, and reach
 The sweetest chords.

Life is too great
Between the infant's and the man's estate,
Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,
 For petty things.
Lo! we shall yet who creep with cumbered feet
Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,
 Or soar on wings!

—W. M. VORIES

IN THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS tell of the approach of the hour for the evening meal. The roar of the street dies away. Quiet begins to reign in highway and byway as the laughing crowds of religious revelers gather into prepared rooms to eat the Passover meal. Over the Upper Room hangs the peace of a summer Sabbath afternoon. Then, like a sudden storm breaking the quiet of a peaceful landscape, a quarrel springs up among the disciples. The restful calm of the Upper Room is rudely shattered.

We know the subject of the quarrel. It concerned who should be greatest among them. Who spoke the word or did the probably insignificant thing which caused the quarrel, we do not know. We do know, however, that this was not the first time the disciples had grieved Jesus' loving heart by unbrotherly discussions. Just a few days before, while on their way to Jerusalem, James and John had tried to steal a march on the other disciples, had tried to win from Jesus a promise of chief places in his kingdom. That had rankled in the hearts of the other disciples, and they had shown their resentment quite plainly. Possibly this was the old animosity flaring up again, especially since they all felt that the time for the restoration of the kingdom could not be very far distant. The desire for first place had not died out of their hearts. Evidently they had paid little heed to the impressive lesson of Jesus, that unless they became as little children they should not even *see* the kingdom.

The tragedy of the quarrel is clear as we realize the emptiness of the honor for which they were contending

—an emptiness characteristic of honor when that is the sole aim of men. One of the bravest French soldiers of Napoleonic days was General Neil. Throughout his career he nursed a great ambition—to become a marshal of France. Many times he had watched the emperor confer on some heroic comrade the reward of the little baton and ribbon of a marshal. Each time he saw that happen his own heart ached with ambition to achieve the coveted award.

He confided his secret ambition to a close friend, declaring that he was determined to win the honor in the next engagement or die in the attempt. Then came a momentous battle in which, after displaying extraordinary bravery, Neil fell mortally wounded. After the battle he was found beneath his horse. When the news reached the emperor, he hastened to the side of the dying general, took from his own breast the badge of a marshal of France and fastened it above the heart of the stricken soldier. Neil smiled with joy. His dream was realized, his ambition fulfilled. In a few seconds he fell back dead—the proud possessor of an empty honor.

Honor, glory, pleasure, position, and wealth—the things for which men strive so strenuously—are not, in the end, the things most worth while. On that fateful evening Peter had his chance to take his place at the right hand of Jesus. But with a bitter oath he denied that he ever had known Jesus. In that moment of denial did Peter remember the senseless strife in the Upper Room?

What ugly results frequently follow our quarrels for place and power. One disciple, at least, may have had all his previous ambitions for the chief place crystallized by that angry debate. Had not two of them already

taken unfair means to win that honor? If they were not rebuked, why should not another also try to win place in the new kingdom? Can we deny that Judas may have here received the final concretion of his determination to get himself a chief place, even if he had to bargain with the priests for it? Did Jesus recognize this turn in the mind of Judas? Was it this which so shortly made him say that one of his disciples would betray him? Who can tell?

And Jesus? Standing in the shadows, a little apart from this quarreling band of disciples, what was his attitude? Undoubtedly an attitude of sorrow. Sorrow that they should be able to quarrel over such a bauble when he was standing at the very threshold of death. That sorrow was to be his many times that night. Sorrow now, when they were forgetting the lesson of the little child in their midst; sorrow again, when they could not watch with him one little hour; and sorrow still again when he was to hear one of these disciples deny with an oath that he ever knew his Master.

But it is the patience of Jesus which impresses us most of all. Long before, as they had rambled through the pleasant barley fields of Palestine, he had told them of the marvelous patience of the sower, the sower who sowed his seed and waited uncomplainingly for the first signs of the growing grain. He will teach them once again the lesson he has already taught. Once again he will place in their hearts the good seed of the kingdom, and show them that greatness is, after all, just humility. For we must remember that, if it were not for this strife among the disciples, we would not have had that marvelous lesson on the greatness of humility, a lesson illustrated in part by the washing of the disciples' feet.

Who shall be the greatest? The answer is easy—the one who serves most!

“There was also a strife among them.” Even at the Communion table we must guard against the entrance of sinful ambitions and desires. The more so in the reaction which inevitably follows the holy consecration in which for the moment we have lived. An unknown poet speaks of a solemn consecration made at an altar. Yet,

Nine paces from that house of prayer
Her feet were taken in the snare of sin,
And ere the morning quickened she had died.

IV

THE SERVICE

LIVE AND HELP LIVE

“Live and let live!” was the call of the Old—
The call of the world when the world was cold—
The call of men when they pulled apart—
The call of the race with a chill on the heart.
But “Live and help live!” is the cry of the New—
The cry of the world with the Dream shining through—
The cry of the Brother World rising to birth—
The cry of the Christ for a Comrade-like earth.

—EDWIN MARKHAM

IN HIS RECOUNTING OF THE EVENTS IN THE UPPER ROOM, John gives no inkling of the discussion among the disciples as to who should be the greatest in the kingdom. Maybe the reason is that he and his brother were partly the cause of the unfortunate wrangling. John may be forgetting the quarrel out of which the washing of the feet of the disciples grew. He may be acting perhaps from that strange but merciful provision of our natures by which we refuse to remember the distasteful things of life.

If, however, we do not demand such an explanation of John's failure to refer to the quarrel, the narrative of the washing of the disciples' feet fits in admirably with John's evident purpose of making his gospel a record of the progressive revelation which Jesus made of himself. In that case, the incident would be, not a rebuke to a group of quarreling disciples, but a very important lesson. It would be a setting forth of the high ideals which Jesus held aloft for his followers. No one had volunteered—so this theory would maintain—to do the service of washing the feet. But Jesus would do so, and in so doing he would reveal his love for his disciples. He would open their eyes to the high ideal of greatness which was his.

It was this failure of anyone to volunteer for the usual routine of washing the feet of a guest which gave Jesus the opportunity he was seeking. This was the opportunity of disclosing to his friends the real motives of his heart. On this night, so John says, Jesus, having already given the world a disclosure of himself, now opens his heart to his disciples. "Having loved his own

which were in the world, he loved them unto the end," is the way John puts it. In other words, in the mind of Jesus there was the desire of pointing out to his disciples the real greatness of humility—a humility which he made vivid by the ceremony of washing their feet.

A contemporary of Jesus, the emperor Caligula, took delight in showing his great power by making certain of the Roman senators wait at his table when a banquet was given. He commanded that they should stand "girded with a towel," that all might see how great was the contrast between their station and his. That was the Roman idea of greatness—to exercise power over others. Here the Master was reversing the standard, and indirectly rebuking the haughtiness of his disciples by girding *himself* with a towel and washing *their* feet.

In thus pointing out the greatness of humility, Jesus was also making real the true character of discipleship. He wanted them to see that to be his disciples they must be constantly in the service of others. He who is of most service to his brethren is the greatest. Sam Jones, the evangelist, after closing a meeting in Oklahoma, was traveling homeward with his family that he might rest a little before beginning the next campaign. On the train he found a sick woman traveling with her three small children. Though she was seriously ill, her poverty made it impossible for her even to dream of a Pullman berth. When Jones learned this, he hunted up the conductor and paid the price of Pullman accommodations for the family. More than that, he refused to retire until assured that the family was resting comfortably for the night.

When morning came and Mrs. Jones pushed back the curtain of her husband's berth, she found that Sam

Jones had gone home to the Master whom he had served. Six hours before his death, the last conscious act of this servant of the Galilean had been an act in imitation of his Lord—a service to others. The smile upon his placid features was an indication of the praise of his Master, “Come, . . . blessed of my Father, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy lord.” Yes, Jesus was making actual to these friends the truth that happiness in discipleship is to be found in doing humble service for others in his name.

“I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.” But how shall we do as Jesus has done? Certainly not in a slavish imitation of his act. In some European countries cardinals wash the feet of twelve beggars or choirboys on Maundy Thursday. In Jerusalem the ceremony is practiced by prelates of the Greek Orthodox Church, the Armenian Church and the Syrian Church, using silver pitchers and basins. In our own country the ceremony is enjoined upon their followers by various cults. These rites are a commemoration of the event, an obedience to the letter of Jesus’ command, but they seem to many to miss the spirit in which Jesus gave the instruction to his disciples.

It is in the spiritualization of the command that we really follow the example of Jesus. A missionary periodical once carried an account of an incident which illustrates how this example of Jesus should be carried out. It was told by a missionary to India, the Rev. J. H. Sheets.

At the close of a Sunday service a Brahman said to me, “What you preach is very good. I too have learned to respect and even love your Yisu Masih [Jesus Christ]. But

why don't you do as he did?" Startled, I lifted my eyes to the picture to which he was pointing. It depicted Jesus washing the feet of his disciples.

Before I could reply, the Indian pastor turned to the Brahman with the words, "Baboo Ji, that's exactly what we are doing. You say the priestly caste, you Brahmans, sprang from the head of the Creator, that the Kshatriya, the warrior class, sprang from his arms, that the Vaisya, the merchant class, sprang from his waist, and that the Sudra, the low-caste untouchable, sprang from his feet. We are working among this last class, and by our teaching and our healing we are cleansing the low-caste, body, mind, and soul. Thus we are washing the feet of India." The Indian pastor continued: "And Baboo Ji, the day is coming when you will look upon India's feet and find them so clean that you, too, will turn to Jesus and, like Peter, cry out, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.'"

The Indian pastor was right. We wash our brethren's feet when we express in service the love which Jesus had for us. We wash the feet of our brethren when we clean the festering sores and plague spots of our communities, when we so purify the various channels of our social life that the onlookers will cry to us, "Not only the feet! The whole body should be bathed in this cleansing love-passion!"

V

THE STARTLING STATEMENT

THE WOUNDED CHRIST-HEART

Anew He is wounded! The barbs of His wounding
Are hurled by His Children, those marked with His name,
Who carry His banners, who ring forth hosannas—
These robe Him with shame.

Anew He is wounded. The Temple He builded,
The fabric He reared from the stream of His blood,
Is shivered with echoes that score Him, that shame Him—
Who built with His blood.

The Soul-of-the-world is aghast at its moorings—
The rock of its faith that standeth secure—
It is racked by the breakers of sound that beat over;
Keen voices that follow Time's lure.

Oh the Voices! These Voices, all barbed that bruise Him;
His own children's voices, once pledged and apart,
That shame Him—the Christ of the World—soul immortal—
They wound the Christ-heart.

—GEORGE KLINGLE

AGAIN WE ARE IN THE UPPER ROOM. THE BASIN HAS been replaced on its stand near the door. The fisherman's apron which Jesus had used as a towel once more hangs in loose folds about the Master. The stormy discussion arising from the envious hearts of the disciples has been stilled by his great lesson on humility. Once more a sense of holy calm and reverence settles over the Upper Room. Then, as though some great alarm bell had begun to clang, the ominous words, "One of you shall betray me," beat upon the ears of the disciples.

That is the first intimation we have that Jesus knew the exact direction from which his betrayal should come. He had told them they must expect his betrayal. But that the betrayer should be one of their own number, one who just a moment before had joined in the debate as to who should be the greatest—this Jesus had kept within the limits of his own knowledge. Now he is forced to speak. He is impelled by the increasing depression which, as the hour of his betrayal draws near, overwhelms his spirit.

We can comprehend at least a little of the nature of this depression. It is said that Mazzini, realizing how basely his fellow workers were betraying the cause for which they were laboring, was many times overwhelmed with depression. In such moments Mazzini would debate whether the cause was worth the price he was having to pay. But here we get a definite glimpse of the love which dwelt in the heart of Jesus as we realize that he never wavered in his determination to walk the path which God had placed before him. Could we

blame Jesus if, overwhelmed by the treachery of one whom he had helped and whom he still loved, he had refused to continue his sacrificial effort?

"One of you shall betray me." Not, "One of you shall be the greatest." That question had been settled by his service in washing their feet. Jesus was saying in contrast, "One of you shall be the basest." There are two sides to achievement. One may achieve in greatness. One may also excel in baseness. It is, moreover, amazing in what close proximity the two extremes may be found in the same person. Marshal Pétain at the close of World War I was at the summit of honor; at the close of World War II he reached the last depth of ignominy, condemned as a traitor to France. "One of you shall betray me." A few days earlier Jesus had told Mary that wherever the gospel should be preached, her deed would be mentioned as a memorial of her. Now he is saying that before the night will have passed one of them will have done that which will always be mentioned in shame, remembered with bated breath and averted eyes.

The emphasis is on the pronoun—"one of *you*." Not from a group of secret enemies should this perfidious one come, but from this band of his friends. A member of the Sanhedrin driven to desperation by Jesus' attack on the grafting activities carried on in the temple, a vindictive money-changer whose drawn brows showed his determination for revenge, some supersensitive Pharisee hurt to the quick by Jesus' teachings and resolved to bring the matter to an immediate issue, some slinking publican whose palm itched to feel the touch of traitorous silver—had it been any of these the disciples would have felt no surprise. But "one of *you*." The betrayer, Jesus said, would come from this little band of

his intimate friends, from those who had been his companions, had listened to his teachings, had seen his miracles, had benefited by his mercies, and had sworn loyalty to the point of death. "One of *you*."

The statement is all the more startling when one considers the background from which it arises. It is a preview of that moment soon to come when Jesus lifts his voice to the Father in prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." His declaration is not motivated by his own sufferings. It is called forth by his pity for the soul which is betraying him. Harry Emerson Fosdick says that "when a man did Jesus a wrong, Jesus felt concern for the man. When a man does wrong, it is as though he flew unwittingly a flag of distress and uttered a cry for help." Something of this reverberates through the words of Jesus. Not sorrow for his own suffering, but pity for the man who is contemplating the wrong deed. Even now, if Judas will let him, Jesus will give Judas another chance.

A novelist has told a tale of such love. A woman of lovely character, married unwittingly to a man of low standards, found her husband breaking every marriage vow and finally deserting her. For a long period she heard nothing of him. Finally, driven by want, he came slinking back to her home. No word of penitence fell from his lips. No plea, but only a currish whine for help which had been developed through months of begging on city streets. For a long moment the woman looked at him with loathing. Then, as her better nature prevailed, she saw him only in his degradation, his misery, his helpless entanglement in sinful habits. She relieved his wants. And in her act of forgiveness, her worn face is illuminated by a gleam of beauty, a soft love-light add-

ing tenderness to her eyes. The writer surely drew the inspiration for that picture from Jesus. So Jesus felt toward everyone who wronged him or hurt him. He felt a supreme pity for the person's need and an inexpressible love that refused to be baffled, although again and again it had been rebuffed. Even at this moment his great loving heart will take Judas back into his affection.

"One of you shall betray me." The statement was the outcome of a love that refused to be defeated by human wickedness or thwarted by human perversity. For days the heart of Jesus must have grieved because of his love for the rich young ruler, a love which that young man could not quite embrace. Listen to Jesus sorrowing over Jerusalem and understand how he loved that city. "Ye would not," rings down the years, having in it something of the agony of Hosea over his faithless but still-loved wife. It has something in it of the wistful yearning of the father of the prodigal, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the boy whom he refused to let pass from his heart into the possession of harlots. Tennyson glimpses something of it when he makes Arthur say to his faithless queen,

For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord hath wholly lost his love for thee.

Every incident of the betrayal speaks of the way in which the love of Jesus was placing obstacle after obstacle in the way of Judas, trying to enmesh him in its soft folds. Jesus does that continually. Again and again we find our path into sin blocked by some evidence of his love, a love that refuses to be baffled by our treachery, defeated by our weakness, or palsied by our sin.

VI

THE SEARCHING

LORD, IS IT I?

Some one has turned from the Lord away;
Some one has gone from the fold astray;
Some one is treading the downward way;—
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

Some one is out where the breakers roll;
Some one is near to the treacherous shoal;
Some one will lose his immortal soul;—
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

Lord, is it I? O the thought like a dart,
Pierces the innermost depth of the heart!
If there be one who in Thee hath no part,
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

—Author unknown

FOR A MOMENT THE UPPER ROOM IS INTENSELY SILENT. In the *Ring and the Book* the pope describes a certain memorable night in Naples. Over all the city there hung an intense blackness. As he looked from his window, nothing could be seen—no dim outlines of the city, no shimmering of waters in the bay, no glimpse of the sky above him. Suddenly came a flash of lightning, and in the momentary eternity of its brilliance the pope saw everything as though it were high noon. Just so did the words of Jesus reveal to the disciples the sharp outlines of evil possibilities in the heart of each of them. "One of you shall betray me." It is a lightning flash. There is a moment of tense silence. Then each heart gives voice to its inward fear, "Lord, is it I?"

Most of the time we are quite ready to see sin in others. No great effort is necessary to convince us that in these other hearts great depths of degradation are possible. But there are some moments when a single sentence has power to reveal the abysmal evil in ourselves. Such must have been the case with these disciples, else why the instinctive utterance, "Lord, is it I?"

According to the records, the disciples did not doubt the possibility of such treachery. Had we been among the company in the Upper Room, we probably would have protested: It is impossible! These are Jesus' friends. Each one has sworn loyalty to him. By following him to Jerusalem they have given ample proof of that loyalty. Jesus is overwrought. The strain of the week has been too much for his nerves. But when we talk that way, we show our ignorance of the depth of evil action possible even to the best of our humanity.

In that lightning-flash utterance of Jesus, these disciples caught a glimpse of their own hearts.

Each of us has a subconscious sense of inherent evil. When Sam Jones, by the grace of God no longer a dissipated and vicious man but a fervent evangelist of Christ, was asked whether he believed in hell, he replied decisively, "I have been there!" So these disciples could answer, "We know the awful character of sin!" Each saw in himself a potential betrayer of his Lord. Could our generation come to this sense of the reality, the hideousness, the potency of sin, it would take a long step toward morality. For all too many of us, sin is a thrill to be sought after, an experience to be desired for rounding out life—not an enemy to be dreaded. But sin is not a pet to be fondled. Dr. Woolston once brought before the children of his Philadelphia congregation a small lion cub, fondled it and petted it. Then by vivid words he made the children visualize the grown lion, sinister, dangerous, and deadly. It was a very effective method of impressing the children of his church with a sense of the dangerous nature of all human sin.

"Lord, is it I?" How eloquently that question expressed the disciples' feeling about the lurking place of sin. They did not seek the evil thing in some other heart, because each saw sin skulking in his own soul. One by one, the record reads, each of them said unto him, "Lord, is it I?" Sin, as William V. Kelly said long ago, is a fact "watermarked in the central consciousness of mankind." Centuries ago in the jungles of Africa and the pampas of South America stood altars where savage worshipers offered sacrifices for their sins. Everywhere the hearts of men are troubled with a sense of personal

guilt. The plantations of the South heard the plaintive wailing of the slave:

Tain't my brother or my sister, but it's me, O Lord,
 Standin' in the need of prayer,
Tain't the preacher or the deacon, but it's me, O Lord,
 Standin' in the need of prayer,
It's me, it's me, it's me, O Lord,
 Standin' in the need of prayer.

Herbert Spencer says, "Every man with a sensitive conscience knows what it is to be in hell and has stayed there long enough to know what eternal punishment means."

As we see these disciples searching their own hearts, we should learn that sin is at home everywhere. No place is so sacred that sin will not dare to enter. Through the sacred portals of the Upper Room, into the holy precincts of God's house, into the hearts of devout and worshiping disciples, yes, even into our own hearts as we participate in our Master's sacred memorial, sin will dare to enter if in some unguarded moment we leave an avenue for its approach.

I want a principle within
 Of watchful, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
Help me the first approach to feel
 Of pride or wrong desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

—CHARLES WESLEY

VII

THE SILVER

JUDAS

“Nay, keep thy silver, Pharisee, not I
Will touch the dirty price of treachery!
The soul of Judas, money can not buy.”

“But think,—thy duty to old Jewry’s weal,
Pity for the Nazarene thou canst not feel—
Thou owest him no faith! Show then thy zeal!”

And e’en like every traitor since his day
Bribe and perverted duty Judas sway;
Which of the two weighed heavier—who can say?

—WILLARD PARKER

THOSE WHO DELIGHT IN UNRAVELING PLOTS DEALING with human motives should find a rare pleasure in the career of Judas Iscariot. The height of the mystery is found in the moment when he stands alone at the conclusion of his bargaining with the chief priests. In his hands are thirty pieces of silver—the price he received for betraying his Lord. One feels that the key to the mystery is to be found in those thirty pieces of silver. Yet how baffling is the clinking of that money in Judas' fingers. Thirty pieces of silver—about five dollars then, probably two hundred and fifty dollars in purchasing power now—they seem an utterly inadequate reward for such despicable treachery as Judas is contemplating. Thirty pieces of silver! The price is too cheap! No man would sell his soul for that. There must be some other explanation. The utter inadequacy of the amount makes us examine every nook and corner of his life for an explanation of those thirty pieces of silver.

Here is one explanation of Judas' conduct:

They called him Judas, and through all the years
His name has been a peg on which to hang
The sinfulness and guilt of all mankind.
Perhaps the verdict of the years is just;
We can not tell; we only know, this man
Was loved by Him who loved not wickedness.
We only know the God of all the faiths—
The God of love—has ofttimes seemed obscure,
To gain the end He wished—the good of man!
Was Judas, too, a means to gain an end?
An instrument used once for mankind's weal?
We can but guess.

The darkness of the night,
It makes the coming dawn more visible,
And winter's gloomy days and icy blasts,
They serve to make us love the summer more.
It might be that our God designed to show
That Satan, even there, could find a place
Amongst a band where all seemed holiness.
Sublimest sermon of the years to come,
Of ceaseless conflict between good and bad—
The ever vivid contrast of the two!

If so, much-hated Judas only played
His part in our redemption, and if e'er
We reach that bourne where there is naught but peace,
Who knows but we may meet and learn to love
A man whom centuries have loath'd and scorned,
Who then fulfilled his mission or his fate?
In Time's great fullness will the truth be known
When He, "who so loved man," shall claim his own.

The unknown author of these lines seems to feel that Judas was simply a cog in the wheel of God's plan for the salvation of the race. If so, our hatred and loathing of Judas are not warranted, and the thirty pieces of silver were but the bait by which divine Providence lured an unsuspecting soul to do a foul deed!

Another explanation is that Judas was a misguided patriot who sought to force the hand of Jesus. Those who hold this explanation point out that Jesus saw in Judas qualities which rendered him deserving of the friendship which Jesus gave so unreservedly in the first days of his discipleship. Judas was a zealous lover of his country who believed Jesus to be the long-awaited earthly king of the Jews. Becoming impatient, he be-

trayed his Master in full confidence that Jesus, when in actual danger, would use his divine powers to inaugurate his reign. Edmund Vance Cooke portrays Judas' thought, according to this explanation, in the opening lines of his poem "Judas":

That which proved worst I thought should be the best.
I, only I, had faith. None of the rest
Dared put the Master's purpose to the test!

I took the silver and I gave the kiss.
How else could I assure he should not miss
The freeing of our people from their thrall?
Had he not legioned angels at his call
And did not summon them?
Why, Master, why?

Still others explain the conduct of Judas by insisting that somehow the blighting cancer of greed had lodged in his heart. Look at the way he fondles those pieces of silver! The demon of avarice, imperceptible to all save the Master, undermined the character of Judas, changing him first into a thief, and finally into a traitor to his Lord.

In 1897 a party of brave souls under the leadership of the intrepid Andrée soared aloft in a balloon. Their purpose was to explore the trackless wastes of the arctic. Thirty years later their dead bodies, preserved by ice, were found in the tent in which they had lain down to sleep. Andrée's diary revealed many details of their experiences. Only one entry was missing—the explanation of their deaths. With two of his companions, Andrée had found himself stranded in a trackless arctic waste at least two hundred miles from the nearest set-

tlement. Yet they were conscious of no fear. Their canvas boat, their weapons, their equipment for just such an emergency, all were intact. The arctic animals would furnish them food. No wonder Andrée wrote in his diary, "With such comrades and equipment, one should manage under any circumstance." Yet they were found dead, each peacefully wrapped in his sleeping bag, no wound upon them, food and every necessity in amount sufficient to have brought them to safety. The little blue-flame stove, still standing in its place, was the explanation. They had died of carbon monoxide poisoning while they slept.

So, some people might say, Judas' soul died of the poison of a growing greed. Sometime during the days in which Judas acted as treasurer of the little company, he was infected with the virus of avarice. As silently as the carbon monoxide crept into the lungs of Andrée and his companions, stealing the oxygen from their blood and choking the corpuscles in their life stream, the deadly poison of greed choked the holy aspirations of Judas' soul, and left him a spiritual and moral corpse.

Each of these theories may find some substantiation in the actions of Judas. Yet the real reason why he sold his Master is hardly to be found in any one of them. Possibly a combination of all was responsible for the tragic result. Somewhere and somehow Judas had come to a change in his convictions regarding Jesus' character. He had somehow ceased to love Jesus and, ceasing to love him, no longer found it possible to believe in him. No matter which explanation we may think best, the fact remains that any one of the disciples—in fact all of them—had been subject to the same influences. There is far more in that instinctive question, "Lord, is

it I?" than mere rhetoric. Was Judas covetous? So was Peter when he asked, "What shall we get?" Was Judas ambitious? So were James and John and the rest who disputed about the chief place in the kingdom. Was Judas a disappointed patriot? The other disciples had also joined in the triumphal procession of Palm Sunday. At this late day who can say that Judas alone felt it useless to hope any longer?

The difference between Judas and the other disciples was that the others somehow still retained their faith in Jesus as the Son of God. To them Peter's word still rang true, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Judas had lost that conviction. Perhaps what Judas promised as his part of the bargain in return for the thirty pieces of silver was the testimony, "I heard him say that he is the Son of God. He cautioned us to tell no man that he is the Christ. But I heard him say it. I heard it with my own ears and not from another's lips. I'll testify to that in the trial. The one whom I kiss will be the one who *claims* to be God!"

So you have sold this Man
To-day—at their request;
I know you shrewd to drive
A bargain with the best.

This Jesus as you say—
Comes of a Jewish race;
I saw Him but to-day,
Jeered at in the market-place.

It may be you are right,
A deed well planned and done;
These silver coins are bright;
They sparkle in the sun—

But thirty pieces bid!
Caiaphas, were you wise?
The price of heaven's hid
In this Man's tender eyes.

—CLARE MACDERMOTT

VIII

THE SOP

JUDAS

I doe not heere impute this deede of shame
On Judas, because Judas was his name.
For of that name there have been men of might
Who the great battles of the Lord did fight,
And others more. But sure this impure blot
Sticks to him, as he's named, *Iskarriott*
For in an anagram Iskarriott is,
By letters' transposition, *Traitor Kis*.

—JOHN TAYLOR

CONSTERNATION GIVES PLACE TO CURIOSITY. JESUS' affirmative reply to Judas seems to have escaped the notice of the disciples at the moment, though Matthew does recall it afterward. But Peter does not seem to have grasped its significance. Noticing that John is leaning on Jesus' bosom, Peter, by a nodding of the head and the raising of an eyebrow more than by any spoken word, suggests that John should ask the name of the betrayer. Few, if any, of the disciples heard the whispered conversation between Jesus and John. "Lord," whispers John, "who is it?" And in an undertone Jesus answers, "He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it." He hands the sop to Judas! Only the disciples close at hand heard the words addressed to Judas, and even they did not understand the significance of, "That thou doest, do quickly."

The crafty Judas had manipulated matters so that he had a place at the table very close to the side of Jesus. In that we get an insight into his seething mind. Let these others talk; he would act. Just now he is near enough to the Master to learn something of the plans for the evening. These others might debate who should have the chief place. Tomorrow, or the next day, Judas would be in favor with the leaders, and he would then be in the chief place. "That thou doest, do quickly." That is exactly what he would do. While these are busy at their supper, he will lead the Sadducees to the Upper Room—he knew the place now—then let each look out for himself. Judas would have taken care of his own interests. Yesterday, in his conference with the Jewish leaders, he had seen to that.

The failure of the divine love when it comes into conflict with the stubbornness of the human heart is well illustrated by the extended sop and the words which accompany it. Jesus was not sending Judas out to an act of predestined treachery. Divine love had made its last effort short of force. Divine love will urge, will entreat, will put impediment in the way of evil action, but farther distance love cannot go. With a sure instinct someone has called Judas the man whom Jesus could not make. Divine love failed because it was fighting the two human passions most difficult to conquer. Against the passions of avarice and envy in the heart of Judas, the love of Jesus—for the moment at least—strove in vain. We believe that love did finally conquer. We believe that Jesus' utterance to Judas at the moment of the betrayal did finally win the day, just as Jesus' glance broke the heart of Peter. How else can we explain the thirty pieces of silver scattered over the floor of the temple, or the swaying body of Judas silhouetted against the sky?

Somehow avarice had found an entrance into the heart of Judas. John tells us that Judas was a thief, and that his temptation to steal arose from the possession of the small funds of the apostolic group. Just when this stealing began, we do not know. As he came near the end of his ministry, Jesus spoke more and more about the deceitfulness of riches, no doubt with a view of counteracting any growing avarice in the hearts of his hearers. At the times of these warnings Judas was among the group of listening disciples. But was it only Judas who needed these warnings? We cannot tell, though in the light of subsequent events it would seem that he was the person Jesus had in mind. Was it Judas' chagrin at the waste of the ointment during the supper at

Bethany which crystallized his determination to look out for himself—a determination which found its last expression in accepting the thirty pieces of silver? Thirty pieces of silver was about half the amount for which the ointment might have been sold, but at least it would be as much as Judas would dare to take from the bag which he held. It must be remembered that the high priests did not seek Judas out. He took the initiative himself soon after the rebuke administered at the anointing.

To what length will avarice drive a soul! Lew Sarett has shown us how the avaricious heart deems every noble and sacred thing valueless, save as it ministers to gain. Speaking about a modern heart cheated by the deceitfulness of riches, he says:

To him the moon was a silver dollar, spun
Into the sky by some mysterious hand; the sun
Was a gleaming golden coin,
His to purloin;
The freshly-minted stars were dimes of delight
Flung out upon the counter of the night.

And he shows the tragic and inevitable end of avarice when he says of this same soul,

In yonder room he lies,
With pennies on his eyes.

This was Judas! The love which held nothing back from Mary's Lord had no meaning whatever to the heart of Judas. The faithfulness of a disciple—what weight will this have when thirty pieces of silver are thrown into the other side of the balance? Avarice has lost none of

its power. It still tramples on holy things. What value can there be in human purity, the holy Sabbath, and the liberty of man, when they interfere with the gains of a greedy soul?

But another passion was working in the heart of Judas. It was envy growing out of a disappointed ambition. Like each of the disciples, he visioned an earthly kingdom as the result of the ministry of Jesus. Probably, in the mind of Judas, the picture was not drawn in those tints of patriotic service which the rest of the disciples employed. To Judas the coming kingdom meant not only honors but profits also. As treasurer of the little company he would soon be in a position to realize that his hope was built on the earthy substance of his own desires. Just how soon he came to this realization we cannot be sure, but there must be some significance in the fact that it was shortly after Jesus had refused to be made king that Jesus announced that there was a devil among the disciples. All that is now needed to arouse in Judas an unconquerable envy is to discover that the others were planning—even using the lure of a mother's pleading—to gain what place and power might be at the disposal of Jesus.

We shall see—so must have run Judas' thoughts—who will be at the chief place when the end comes. Humiliate me before all those at the Bethany supper, will he? Well, we shall see! As Judas reasoned, so reasoned the brethren of Joseph. Take our place in our father's affection, will he? Well, let him dream about it when he is toiling for the Midianite slave dealers and we are spending the money we get for him. So reasoned the courtiers in Babylon's realm. Take our place, will he, in the affection of the king? Well, let him think

about us while we are lunching with the king and the lions are munching his body. But envy and disappointed ambition always work for the destruction of the one who envies, rather than for the final destruction of the one who is envied. Joseph finally sits in Pharaoh's seat and his brethren cower before him. The lions are crunching the bones of the courtiers. Judas is hanging from a tree, swaying awkwardly over the field of blood.

IX

THE SUPPER

HERE, O MY LORD

Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven,
Here would I lay aside each earthly load
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove: but thou art here,
Nearer than ever—still my shield and sun.

—HORATIUS BONAR

JESUS DID NOT WISH TO BE FORGOTTEN. IN THIS HE WAS true to his real humanity. Seated at the table that night in the Upper Room, he foresaw the possibility that these friends would cease to remember him at all. He was not thinking of the theological discussions which might be precipitated. He was not anxious to establish a new and unique ordinance. He was not concerned with devising a ritual for the worship in his coming church. He wanted simply that these friends should remember him in the long years that were to come, when he no longer would be with them. He was thinking of the morrow. Across the background of his consciousness was looming the agony of Gethsemane and the shame of the judgment hall. Even now he was feeling the torture of the cross. It was this he wanted them to remember—the death he was to die on the cross—not his miracles or his teachings, not his gentleness or his grace, but his death. This is my body and my blood! Do *this* in remembrance of me!

How unthinkable that men who had the rare privilege of companioning with him should forget him! For some years they had lived in constant fellowship with him. Could they ever forget the infinite pity on his face as he stopped the funeral near Nain? Could they ever lose the memory of his flashing indignation as he cleansed the temple? Could they ever cease to cherish the marvelous tenderness in his voice as he called them his friends? How unthinkable all this is! But humanity is proverbially ungrateful. In the rounds of our daily life we lose sight of our great men. Our memory of them quickly fades. So it is easily conceivable that to those

who had so much reason to remember him Jesus would, in a few years, become only a fading memory.

So after supper Jesus took the cup, and in this action he instituted a memorial of his death. Back in the days when Israel was enslaved, God had displayed his power in the sending of the death angel over Egypt. Then had been instituted a peculiar ceremony. To the accompaniment of singular rites a lamb was slain and eaten. In the annual observance of this ceremony, many a child turned to the parent-priest and said, "What is the meaning of this ceremony?" Then the father would recite the stirring tale of the delivery of the Egyptian slaves. What child could forget the story of the death angel and the Passover? It is a question whether we would remember the great events of our own nation's history, were not days set aside to mark the historic events. The Declaration of Independence might easily be remembered only by antiquaries were it not for the Fourth of July. So when we take our part in the sacred meal which Jesus instituted, our hearts are refreshed by memories of the scenes which it recalls. Once more the Cross stands out in bold relief. We cannot forget the Cross while we remember the Supper.

We frequently argue about the so-called important elements of the life and work of Jesus. We contend stoutly for the virgin birth, or the authenticity of the miracles, or the credibility of the Scriptures, as though these were the most important questions connected with the life of Jesus. These things have a legitimate place in the thinking of men. They are tremendously important for our understanding of the real nature of our Lord. But if we are to judge from the scene in which the Supper was instituted—a moment when Jesus was anx-

ious to have his disciples remember him—what Jesus thought *most* important, since he emphasized it most in the Supper, was his *death*.

At this supreme moment, what did Jesus care about his miracles? Those incidents of his birth, those attendant circumstances connected with his resurrection, the mighty evidences of his authority over the physical world—all these, if we are to judge from this moment of the institution of the Supper, Jesus cared for but little. He did not ask his disciples to remember them. And evidently, from the same reasoning, Jesus was not at this moment much concerned about the teachings he had brought. He never bothered to have any of his disciples take down his utterances. He never wrote out his principles of life or his philosophy. His matchless parables and his profound doctrinal utterances were seemingly forgotten in this last moment when he was face to face with the ultimate reality of his purpose. He wanted the disciples to remember his death for them.

His death for them! That was the shadow thrown across the floor in his boyhood. That was the necessity of going to Jerusalem against the entreaties of his friends. That was the subject of his conversation with Elijah and Moses. That was the prophecy of John the Baptist, who saw in him a lamb to be slain. That was the purpose of his coming. God's love to be revealed in him?—certainly! Man's worth and dignity to be manifested in his manhood?—surely! But on his heart was the burden of human sin, and for this cause he took upon himself the form of a servant, emptied himself of his Godhood, became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. No miracle, no parable, no loving

word, no flaming indignation could usurp this as the chief fact in his life.

Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Then let us sit beneath his Cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

—CHARLES WESLEY

X

THE FIRST SYMBOL

MY TRYST

With Christ I have a tryst divine,
He meets me at His table spread,
With symbols of the loaf and vine,
He feeds my soul the Living Bread.

With Christ I have a tryst each day,
He meets me in the busy mart;
He walks beside me in the way,
He makes me strong to do life's part.

Some day I'll see Him face to face,
And that will be the joy supreme;
But now, to walk and talk with Him,
Makes life today a joyous theme.

—THOMAS P. POTTER

DOES IT ALWAYS TAKE YOU SO LONG TO EAT YOUR lunch?" MacDowell, the missionary, was plainly impatient. He was on his first trip to the most distant point of his mission station. New to the task, youthful, full of his American heritage of hurried activity, he chafed at the leisurely way in which his African guide was eating. "Have patience," the native pleaded. "Do not ask me to hurry. Don't you see I am eating my wife?" Visions of cannibalism danced before the eyes of the young missionary. Perhaps, after all, the man's religion was only skin deep!

Seeing the perplexed expression on the missionary's face, the African quickly added, "My wife made this lunch for me. She spent her time and strength upon it. Part of her love, part of her life went into it. Do you want me to gulp it down with no thought or respect for her?" That African convert was conscious of the sacredness of every mouthful of the food he ate. Every thoughtful Christian must be shamed by such spiritual insight on the part of a new convert. "This is my body," said Jesus. "It is not merely food. It is more than that. It symbolizes what has been won for you by my sacrifice. Part of my love, part of my life has gone into this food. Eat it in remembrance of me."

He took bread and he *broke* it. What a profound symbolism is in that act of breaking the bread. This is the last parable of Jesus, an acted parable. At its very center stands a broken body. A broken body! Broken by days of anguished labor for humanity. Broken by long hours of bloody anxiety in Gethsemane. Broken under the lashing and mockery of the soldiers of Herod and of

Pilate. Broken finally by hours of unspeakable torture on a cross. "This is my body, which is *broken* for you."

Having broken the bread, he *gave* it to them. Here again is symbolism. This breaking of his body for them was done under no compulsion from the outside. No treachery on the part of a disciple, no hatred festering in the breast of a Sadducee, no injured dignity of a Roman official, no Roman legion, no company of temple guards, could have broken that body against his will. We should never forget that the broken body of Jesus was a voluntary offering for our salvation. He broke the bread and gave it freely to his disciples.

We have seen that Jesus would not force the will of Judas to do his bidding. Divine love can go only so far. Then it must stop. So now divine love can go so far and no farther. The body has been broken. The gift has been offered. It must now pass from the hands of the Master into the hands of the disciples. Take and eat it! No bread will sustain unless it be lifted from the platter and appropriated to the use of the body. So here at the heart of the Supper we find this thought enshrined—the sacrifice of Jesus to be effective in human life must be appropriated by each individual worshiper if it is to be efficacious to salvation.

After the resurrection of Jesus, the disciples frequently were faced with the question, "Where is the body of your leader?" They answered joyfully, "We are the body of Christ!" And in a very real sense they were. Had they not, of their own volition, taken from the hands of their Master the symbol of his broken body? Henceforth they were the body of Christ. As his body had been broken for them, so they were to be broken for each other. We never fully understand the utter-

ance of Paul, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth," until we sense this appropriation of Christ's body by his disciples. Paul meant to say, "I am part of the body of Christ. Gladly will I permit my body to be broken that my brethren may be saved. My own personal considerations come second to the welfare of the whole body of believers."

This is my body. There in the flesh Jesus used his body as the medium through which he expressed his love to man. Limited by his human nature, he could find his way through the rubbish of sin in men's lives only as he expressed himself in the body of flesh he had assumed. When he has ascended he is again limited. His body now is the church. It is the only instrument by which he can express himself to the hearts of men. Today the world again asks, "Where is the body of Christ?" And the answer is again, "The church is the body of Christ." But is it a broken body? In one sense, yes. It is broken by ecclesiastical rivalries, by personal animosities, by bitter and senseless schisms. But broken for the world? Not very much in a sense which the world can understand. Not until the church loses something of its spirit of self-seeking and material advancement, and gains something of the passion of Christ for the crushed and deserted souls of men, will the world see in the church a "body broken" for the world's salvation.

For the bread, which thou hast broken;
For the wine, which thou hast poured;
For the words, which thou hast spoken;
Now we give thee thanks, O Lord.

By this pledge that thou dost love us,
By thy gift of peace restored,
By thy call to heaven above us,
Hallow all our lives, O Lord.

.

In thy service, Lord, defend us;
In our hearts keep watch and ward;
In the world where thou dost send us
Let thy kingdom come, O Lord.

—LOUIS F. BENSON

XI

THE SECOND SYMBOL

THE SACRAMENT

Into those hands upreaching,
Like suppliants beseeching,
I place the symbols of Christ's ageless love.
Deep feeling stirs my heart,
My eyes with tears upstart,
And from all doubt and fear my soul doth move.

Hands young and soft and fair,
Hands old and strong—all there;
They, reaching, seek far more, indeed, than wine.
They reach through life's confusions,
They reach from sin's delusions,
They reach for Grace that's sure beyond decline.

Then dawns a mystic light,
Mere symbols pass from sight,
And lo! unveiled His wondrous presence stands!
He stoops in tenderness,
He holds in strong caress,
Responding to those reaching, seeking hands.

Those eager, needy hands!
Hear, Lord, their mute demands!
Symbolic they of multitudes untold,
Who crowd earth's fallow field
Good fruit thy praise to yield—
Some thirty—fifty—e'en a hundredfold.

—DAVID PATON

IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE WINE AT THE LORD'S Supper the change from the single chalice of earlier days to the individual cup prevalent today was not accomplished without opposition. This opposition was due not entirely to the reluctance to change which so commonly marks the religious temperament, but in a large part to a much deeper reaction of spirit. Many who recognized all the arguments for an aseptic method of administering the wine were yet loath to relinquish the sense of universal fellowship which was symbolized by a single chalice from which all the worshipers received the element. For the cup was a present reminder of the continuity of the believer's fellowship with Jesus. It was a symbol of the fellowship sustained with a long procession of disciples who have walked the Way down through the years. It was a cup which had passed from the hands of our Lord to the hands of his disciples. From them it had passed into many hands, had traveled over strange lands before it finally reached us with its peculiar blessing of the fellowship in communion enjoyed by all the followers of the Christ. In its symbolism it was indeed to many the objectivization of the Holy Grail.

Some of us, members of those branches of the church who receive the Communion kneeling at the altar, have precious memories of moments in which the full cup was pressed to our lips by the officiating minister. There were times when the purple wine acted as a mirror to reflect the symbolic surroundings of the place of worship. As through a glass darkly, we saw the altar on which the elements rested, or the arching pillars like

great arms reaching out to God in prayer, or the pulpit with its open Bible, or more frequently, indeed, our own features strangely mingling with the features of the minister who bent low to speak the word of blessing as he handed us the cup. We would not return to the old unhealthful method of the single cup, but there are moments when we would like to recapture the old solemnities reflected in the chalice filled with the sacramental wine, placed to our lips by the minister.

What were the reflections which the disciples, gathered in the Upper Room and listening intently to the words of Jesus, would see mirrored in the smooth surface of the wine in the cup which Jesus held out to them? Would they become conscious of the reflection of their own features, each seeing himself as he really was? If so, they must have caught the marks which evil makes on the faces of all of us. A few moments before, they had been viewing the evil possibilities of their own souls. Surely some of the horror at the evil possible for each of them must be registered in the face of everyone who looks into the cup filled with the symbol of Jesus' shed blood. This cup is the new covenant in his blood, shed for human sin. For whose sin? For Peter's sin, for John's sin, and for Andrew's sin. Of course none of these had sinned or were to sin as Judas had sinned in his bargaining with the priests. Yet each might well ask in anguished tones, "Lord, is it I?" Each knew the possibility of such betrayal was in his own heart.

You and I can enter with full sympathy into this feeling of sinfulness felt by the disciples. Our faces too have been marred by sin. We have not stolen goods that belong to another. But which of us can say that we have never thought of stealing? All our lives we have walked

in the path of chastity. But can we ever, with any hope of being believed, say that we have never dwelt upon unchastity in imagination? None of our hands have been stained with the blood of our brothers. We are at least guiltless of murder. But which of us can deny that in our heart we have had some degree of that hatred which drove Cain to slay Abel? It is not alone the sinfulness of Judas or Peter which is driving Jesus to the Cross. Our sinfulness too is part of the reason Jesus is walking slowly but certainly to the summit of Golgotha.

But such horror is not the only line upon our features in such a moment. There are tears in our eyes. And those tears are the evidence of a sorrow in our hearts. We know that we are sinners, but we are truly sorry for the sins which force our Lord to purchase our redemption at such bitter cost. Our ritual utterances are not merely idle words. The deepest feelings of our race have gone into their composition. We do indeed acknowledge our sins. We do more than acknowledge them; we bewail them and are heartily sorry for all our misdoings. The very remembrance of them grieves us sorely. We echo the cry of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Make an atonement for us! "For thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, forgive us all that is past; and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life."

As we gaze with penitent eyes into the cup, we may see the face of Jesus strangely blending with our own features. His face too is marked by sadness. It is the face of a man of sorrows. But it is not, as with us, sorrow for his own sin. It is a sorrow that shares our sorrow, an entering into the feeling of our infirmities. It is not a sorrow for what he must suffer. It is a sorrow with

us for the suffering we are knowing because of our sinfulness. He is entering into the fellowship of our suffering; he is bearing our burdens, taking upon himself our woes. Is our way of repentance hard before us? He is walking it with us. Is the burden of our sin heavy on us? He is bearing our burden of sin for us. When we sense that look of shared sorrow on the face of our Master, we know what the poet meant when he wrote:

I know what God would do, if He
Came upon need, or death, or pain.
Did He not walk in Galilee?
Was He not, one day, at Nain?

I know how God would sift the loss
And gain of life, how conquer doom.
Have we not seen Him on a cross?
Have we not seen the empty tomb?

—CLARENCE E. FLYNN

There is a smile on the sad face of Jesus as we may see it reflected in the cup. It is the smile of friendship. At once the cup of sorrow becomes what Paul so aptly called it, "the cup of blessing." Jesus is speaking, "Ye are my friends!" It has become the cup of a blessed salvation in which the mercy of God expresses itself in the forgiveness of our sins, and in the promise of abiding fellowship with Christ.

XII

THE SAYING OF FELLOWSHIP

THE QUIET SONG

'Tis twilight time. The golden day is past.
Far in a darkening sky the candles gleam;
And in this hush, dear Lord, we pause at last
To talk with Thee. The busy hours that teem
With little cares are Thine. Take them, we pray,
And bless them every one. Forgive the wrong
We may have done. . . . 'Tis not an easy way,
Dear Lord. . . . We thank Thee for the quiet song
That comes at close of day. . . . The minor chord
We hear gives beauty to the symphony.
Night's curtain falls and now, alone, we see—
In shadows dim—Thy loving face, dear Lord.
Thy presence, breathing deep of peace, is near.
Thy tender voice the list'ning heart can hear.

—BEULAH SIMMONS WATERMAN

A TRADITIONAL PART OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE Passover was the more or less formal conversation following the supper. The youngest person present was expected to ask a question regarding the meaning of the ceremony which had just been enacted. The answer was to be utilized as a medium for re-education in the sublime history and deep meaning of the rite. No doubt Jesus took advantage of this part of the ceremony to explain that the bread and the cup were symbolic of his sacrificial death.

In the informal conversation which followed this explanation we have been given these sublime messages with which Jesus comforted the hearts of his disciples in their grief at the announcement of his approaching death. These messages centered around three phases of discipleship in which he wished them to be more completely instructed: a message of fellowship, a message of comfort in their present and future trials, and a message of sublime hope for the future.

In his translation of the New Testament Dr. Moffatt seems to feel that scholarship indicates that the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel should follow the sixteenth. Thus the very first of Jesus' messages was the message of fellowship with himself in the fifteenth chapter. But notice just what Jesus says in connection with this fifteenth chapter. In effect he is saying that being a Christian is not just the same thing as joining a church, uniting with a denomination, or even giving assent to a particular creed. Being a Christian is entering into fellowship with the real spirit of Jesus. Because this is not always understood, one finds church members doing

things in their daily lives which no true follower of Jesus should think of doing.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches." Is it not clear, when we read that sentence, that Jesus meant to emphasize the fact that Christian fellowship is strictly a fellowship between himself and his friends? It is not simply a fellowship in some denomination of his church, or even in any particular congregation of that denomination. It is not even in the common acceptance of a creed. It is in fellowship with himself.

When we are tempted to question this, it is well to remember that in the United States there are approximately two hundred and fifty denominations. Each of these would give a somewhat different explanation as to what constitutes Christian faith and fellowship. That is, the fellowship with Jesus which they offer would of necessity be conditioned by their particular doctrinal slant. We have about eighty missionary societies carrying the Christian message to various peoples of the earth. All these faiths and societies have their own doctrines and shibboleths. Unless a man can accurately affirm these various shibboleths, his Christianity is—theoretically, at least—looked at askance by those who hold the beliefs. Fellowship with Christ is not uniting with these denominations, though that may be a good and proper thing for the Christian to do. Nor is Christian fellowship to be found in the correct pronunciation of the various shibboleths. Christian fellowship is nothing more or less than the harmony of a believer with the spirit which actuated Jesus' life.

Let us see how the principle we have just stated works out in actual experience. Walter Rauschenbusch used to tell of a farmer living near Toronto who swore

when the inspectors rejected his milk because it was contaminated with dung. His swearing was a violation of the fellowship of his particular church, and for that violation his church disciplined him. But the endangering of the health of infants through the contamination of the milk was also a violation of his fellowship with Jesus—Jesus who had blessed the little children—but of this violation the farmer's church took no notice! Consider a more recent incident. When, in the inflation following the first World War, the directors of a certain great guaranty company paid their tithes to the churches to which they belonged, they entered into a fellowship with their church for which their church very rightly should praise them. But when they paid themselves dividends as high as twenty per cent and then defaulted on their contracts so that widows and orphans were left in poverty, they violated their fellowship with the spirit of Jesus.

From this angle, how illuminating is the history and character of Jesus. When Bishop John William Colenso was translating the Bible into a native dialect, an intelligent African asked him this rather disconcerting question: "One part says God is jealous and revengeful, the other that God is love. Which is right?" In the solution of such a dilemma there is no adequate answer except the character of Jesus. And for the more serious dilemma presented by the claims of various denominations—even those claiming to be nonsectarian—there can be no sufficient answer, save that to be a Christian is not simply a public affiliation with a church, but is the actual fellowship of a human soul with the spirit of Jesus.

Millions of Americans who were in uniform during

the war are asking some pertinent questions about our denominationalism. They are not satisfied with a recounting of the glorious history of a particular denomination. They do not comprehend our subtle and mystical distinctions in theological interpretations. They say: "Fellowship with Christ is not all mysticism! We learned that as we prayed together in the foxholes, never thinking of any difference in our creeds. We took communion from whatever chaplain was present to minister to us, and we asked no questions. Why should we ask them now?" They agree with George Wharton Pepper when he says, "The church is a collective name for *all* who are willing to be counted in the company of our Lord's disciples." Or with Frederick Noble when he says, "Intimate fellowship with Christ involves seeing the larger factors of life—God and man—in the light in which He saw them. We must get His point of view, and His estimate of values, both actual and relative, if we are in any true sense to be one with Him." Fellowship with Christ is not all in mysticism. It is also in the active participation in the purposes and experiences of Jesus' life.

How important, then, that we have a clear knowledge of the history and character of Jesus! What were his aims? How did he live out the purposes in his life? For we must always remember that these aims and purposes are to be reproduced in the life that has real fellowship with him. To show men that they could have and could sustain right relations with a heavenly Father; to transform the sick, sordid, greedy society in which men now live into a true brotherhood; to spread the tidings of this good news to every part of the world—these are the fruits of abiding fellowship with him.

Can I do this act? Can I accept this statement? Can I do these and still retain my fellowship with Jesus? These are the questions we face over and over again. The voices of the world are uttering conflicting advice. What shall we do? Nothing less than abide in the spirit of Jesus. Nothing more than turn our eyes upward to Jesus and follow the pattern of his life while abiding in his spirit!

XIII

THE SAYING OF COMFORT

COMFORT

When faint and worn along life's way
My soul doth falter on the road,
'Tis then my heart with joy can say,
"I know that Jesus lifts the load."

When friends I love from me have gone
And lonely is my soul in pain,
'Tis Jesus bids my faith be strong
That somewhere we shall meet again.

When cherished hopes have proved in vain
And bleak and drear my outlook is,
'Tis Jesus turns my loss to gain
And whispers I am fully His.

—WILLIAM C. SKEATH

ALAS, MY MASTER! HOW SHALL WE DO?" THE GHASTLY pallor on the face of the servant of Elisha was plain evidence of the fear which gripped his heart. Casually lifting his eyes to the surrounding hills that morning, he had been startled to see those hills crowded with the forces of his master's enemies. Against these Elisha would have little strength. But Elisha prayed that God would open the eyes of his servant, and in answer to that prayer the servant was granted a vision of the mountains filled with the chariots and horsemen of God.

That cry of Elisha's servant might well have been echoed by the disciples of Jesus who, with fear-stricken hearts, listened to their Master telling them of the dangers which awaited them in the near future. But, like the servant of Elisha, their eyes were to be opened to the unseen power which, ever at their side, would give them victory in the struggles through which they must pass. This enlightenment of the disciples' vision is accomplished by the marvelous message of the sixteenth chapter of John. They were indeed to meet difficulties. But their hearts were to be cheered by the presence of the divine Advocate—the Comforter. The chapter is a veritable assurance of comfort—a comfort which was to be expressed in their lives in three distinct ways: by the assurance of victory in their struggles, by an increasing and continued revelation, and by the joyous anticipation of the speedy return of their Lord.

Let us clearly understand, however, that Jesus did not gloss over the magnitude of the trials which his followers were to experience. In a manner exceedingly vivid he listed the foes which they would meet. Disap-

pointment, discouragement, loneliness in the absence of their Master, physical pain in many cases ending in agonizing and ignominious death, ecclesiastical and civil censure from the very people who should have commended them—all these they were to meet in the days to follow, when their Master had been torn from their side.

These have always been the experiences of the followers of the Nazarene. Discipleship gives no assurance of release from life's evils. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," Jesus told his disciples, and the word still comes down the centuries to his followers of today. Of course our martyrdom is not of the same brutal, savage form experienced by the early disciples, or by those who in later periods died for their faith. In more subtle ways, but with just as certain malignity on the part of our persecutors, we too are compelled to bear our witness to our allegiance to the Master. "But be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." What an assurance of victory! How fully that promise was to be realized in the after years when Jesus' followers stood before magistrates and felt the presence of the promised Comforter inspiring their words and actions.

Nor is victory in their trials to be their only comfort. "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, . . . he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Enlarged revelation and continuous enlightenment was to be theirs. Let us glance for a moment into the future. The awful tragedy of the Cross is over. The disciples, fearful and dismayed, have all fled from the scene of sadness. Gloom is everywhere, and especially so in the disappointed hopes which they had so fondly cherished.

"We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel," was the story sobbed into the ear of the stranger by the two who were walking downcast and wearily toward Emmaus. But listen to those same hopeless ones at the close of the journey. "Did not our heart burn within us, . . . while he opened to us the scriptures?—while he showed us how Christ also must suffer those things that he might enter into his kingdom?" A new and clearer understanding of truth had come to these disciples. "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus," is the triumphant cry of the apostles. In the passing years the very Supper which they had just partaken would become full of a greater meaning to them as this promise of their Master became a reality.

Through succeeding generations the heart of the church has been comforted by this increasing revelation of the truth. As new insight into the meaning of the words of the Master has been gained, the church has girded herself for new battles and achieved new victories. The historian Lecky tells us that many of the innumerable immoralities which confronted the apostolic church have been so completely eradicated that their very names are no longer remembered, and that only a few retain anything like their ancient power. Before the increasing revelation of the divine will, great evils like slavery, gambling, adulterous mockery of marriage, and other similar evils have fallen from the practices of Christians even as dried grasses leveled by the hurricanes of the centuries.

Out of this continual and increasing revelation of truth there came to the disciples, and through them to the church, a renewed conception of the glory of their

his Godhood. What a marvelous Christ is that put forth by Peter in his memorable address on the day of Pentecost! With what increased majesty the figure of Christ towers over the conception of the Christ which Peter held when he denied even that he knew Jesus!

But more—"I will see you again." That is the clear word of Jesus, and it is also the clear statement of the New Testament. No matter what may be our attitude to the much-debated question of the return of the Lord, there can be no doubt that the early church had a definite expectancy of the speedy return of the Lord. It was with this definite assurance that Jesus comforts his dismayed followers as they listen to him in the Upper Room. "But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. . . . Verily, verily, I say unto you, that ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. . . . Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." What a comfort this thought of the speedy return of the Lord has been in all ages. If you have ever heard an earnest worshipping congregation sing,

Jesus may come today,
Glad day, glad day!
And I would see my Friend;
Dangers and troubles would end
If Jesus should come today.

Glad day, glad day!
Is it the crowning day?
I'll live for today, nor anxious be;

Jesus, my Lord I soon shall see.
Glad day, glad day!
Is it the crowning Day?

—GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB

then you must have felt their sense of joy in the anticipated return of Jesus.

On the main building of Scarritt College for Christian Workers is a tower regarded by many as of unusual beauty. One day the president of the college noticed a Negro laundress carrying on her head a basket of clothes which she was taking home to wash. When she was in front of the tower, she took the basket from her head and, placing it on the pavement beside her, stood in silent contemplation of the tower. Curious to know the reason for her action, the president asked whether she liked the building. Apparently satisfied that her questioner was sincere, she replied, "Sir, I come by this building two times a week with my clothes, and I set them down because I'm tired. And as I look at that tower, something gets into my soul and rests me." Then she took up her burden and walked away.

We might easily find fault with the woman's attitude and point out that many flaws could be picked in the design and materials of the tower. And very conceivably the woman might be unable to answer our arguments or to explain why she felt as she did about the tower. But of one thing she would be sure—that the sight of the tower got into her soul and rested her! Is it not likewise in our feeling about the second coming of Jesus? We carry the heavy load of life's experiences day after day. But every now and then we come to some passage of the Word or some declaration of the Master

which assures us of his coming again. And for a moment or two we put down our burden and stand in silent contemplation of that towering promise of his coming. And somehow, explain it as we will, something gets into our souls, and we are rested.

Yes, it is a comfort to know that in our trials we have a Paraclete—an Advocate—standing by us, that in our perplexities we have revelation which makes our duty clear to us, and that in our loneliness we can look forward to a glad reunion with our Master and our King.

XIV

THE SAYING OF HOPE

IT HAS TAKEN LONG

It has taken long for me to learn
The simple lessons that the Master taught:
To consider the lilies as their petals burn
Among the wayside grasses, to take no thought
Of a tomorrow that may never bring
Some direful, long anticipated thing;

To mark the sparrows on a windy stem
Lashing and dipping in a day of storm,
And to remember that He cares for them,
And shelters them and keeps them from all harm;
And that I am more valuable than they
To Him who walks beside me day by day.

“Let not your heart be troubled . . .”—these His words
Should have been learned and heeded long ago.
I should have lived light-hearted as the birds;
I should have marked the lilies—Ah, too slow
Has been my heart in learning how to live.
Dear God, You tried to teach me. Please forgive.

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED." WHAT A WORD TO give these men whose hearts were full of despair! "Don't worry!" we say to our distressed and harassed friends, and they look at us as though we rightfully belonged in some institution for the feeble-minded. "Don't worry!" when down about our ears has tumbled everything in which we have been schooled to place our confidence! "Let not your heart be troubled" was poor advice to give to these troubled hearts, unless—unless Jesus knew something which he had not yet told them!

A converted Jew was talking to a minister of the gospel who was in a rather pessimistic frame of mind. The convert listened to the gloomy statements of the minister as he rehearsed his fears for the future of the church. As he listened, his spirit grew dismayed. "Do you mean to tell me," he cried, "that I have given up all my family and my hopes of business success for such a prospect? Why it is utter failure!" Something like that might very well have been the cry of the disciples. "Do you mean to tell us, after we have followed you these years, have given up our business, left our nets, estranged our families, that the end of it all will be a cross, and on that cross will hang our fondest hopes?"

Yes, that is the sober truth. A cross is to end it all. But—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you." Jesus is telling them about eternal life! How senseless to say, "Let not your heart be troubled," unless—unless Jesus had a further word to say. And that further word is ut-

tered. It is this: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you."

Now Jesus unfolds to the disciples' amazed ears three grounds for an untroubled heart—three reasons for the sublime hope of eternal life. Let us look at these reasons. Consider first the silence of Jesus. "If it were not so, I would have told you."

If we search for reasons for our faith in eternal life, we find that they are of two kinds. There are, first of all, the implied proofs—such arguments as are drawn from analogies in nature around us and from the instinctive trends of our being. These implied proofs are valid proofs. The various arguments drawn from nature—the regular awakening of spring, the rebirth of the butterfly, the conservation of energy and matter—these are strong reasons for our faith in the probabilities of future continuation of our present existence.

Of course these do not give us any light on the character of that life completion, nor the mode under which we shall live. But they do give us grounds for feeling that the life of which we are now possessed will be continued in some further form and manner. So too the deep-seated impulse which persists in believing in immortality regardless of any proof is a personally valid substantiation of our faith. The boy who was twitted about not being sure he had a kite, because neither he nor his tormentor could see it in the air, had a perfectly valid reason for believing the kite was there. He said, "I know it's there because I can feel it pull on the string." So we know of eternal life because, though we cannot see the evidence of it, we do feel its pull on our souls.

But for positive proofs we must look to the testimony

of Jesus. Only he can tell us definitely about the future. Yet Jesus says very little about eternal life. And this is true in spite of the rather prevalent idea that Jesus was always talking about heaven. In the first three Gospels he rarely speaks of eternal life. John gives us far more of Jesus' utterances on eternal life than the other evangelists. Probably this is due to the finer insight which the increasing years and the illumination of the Holy Spirit had brought to John—an insight which he used in the interpretation of the teachings of Jesus. The fact remains that, from the records of Jesus' life, we cannot say that he spoke often about the life beyond.

Now it is this fact—the fact of the silence of Jesus on the question of eternal life—which he asks his disciples to accept as an evidence of its existence. It is indeed the supreme proof. His statement is very clear. "If it were not so, I would have told you." If the instinctive longings which had thronged their souls, these desires which stirred their emotions, were not valid, long since he would have warned them of their falsity. But they are true and valid—therefore he did not speak against them! "If they were false, I, your friend and teacher, long since would have told you."

To this comfort of his silence—an argument really drawn from his own character—the Master adds another. It is the assurance that the character of God is such that he too would have told them if these hopes were not valid. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," was the answer to the heartache of Philip which cried out for a vision of God. We have been too much accustomed to think of Christ as Godlike. Jesus himself puts the emphasis elsewhere. He wanted men to see that God was Christlike, to see that humanity

is God's nature, to see that the same qualities which attracted men to Jesus are found in God. "You want to see God? Then think of all that I have meant to you, and then think of God in terms of my character."

And just what is the revelation of God which we see in Jesus? Is it not that which John puts into words in another place—"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God"? The sorrows of our life are not the caprices of an angry judge venting spite upon the offenders of his law. They are the necessary disciplinings of a loving Father. "In my Father's house"—that, in spite of all our heartaches and troubles, is where we shall come finally.

J. W. Crabtree tells of an experience which illuminates this character of the Father:

Lizzie Moore . . . was my teacher when I was seven or eight years old in a country school in southern Ohio. . . . I heard my father tell a neighbor that Lizzie Moore was a born teacher and that the more ragged the child the more she loved him. . . . She found it necessary on one occasion to keep me after school and to use the switch on me for disobedience. . . . I withstood the tinge of pain bravely enough, but the real punishment came when she laid the switch on the desk and with tears in her eyes said, "You are not such a bad boy. You are not bad at heart. You are really a good boy, and you know it. I don't want you to act that way any more. Won't you please promise me? I just can't stand it to whip. I am almost sick now." As she spoke, her feelings gave way. She took the chair, placed her face in her hands, and sobbed audibly for a few moments before she could get control of her voice. I then joined in the crying act, made promises, swept the floor, and said, "Good-by, Miss Moore," two or three times as I was leaving. After that, I was at school early each day to build the fire and to

clean off the blackboard. Two of us gave a third boy a good trouncing later on for talking back to Miss Moore.

Back of all our life stands a loving God. When the disciplines of life are over, we shall find him waiting for us with out stretched hands waiting to welcome us home!

Doors open and we mortals stand within
The portals of life's school. Light, thin
And flickering, filters through the windows. Worn
And scarred are desks. The study books are torn
By age. The floors are grooved by many feet
That hasten, shuffle, stumble to a seat.
The thoughts are new within each brain, but still
The walls confine the vision and the will.

And then quite suddenly we see no more
The classroom. Down the hall the exit door
Has opened and we step without to find
The beauty we have sought with soul and mind.

To God's planned purpose we have found access,
Revealed in His unbounded timelessness.

—GERTRUDE W. ROBINSON

XV

THE SUPPLICATION

MEDITATION

I prayed:

"God, make me courageous!
Keep me true—practical—good."

Then I asked myself:

"Are these traits enough
To sustain me in service?
They are Christian virtues, 'tis true;
But no!"

And I further prayed:

"O God, with all these,
Lead me into living that is
Self-forgetting, self-giving;
Grant that I be lost
In Christ;
I would reflect
The power of his peace."

—BRUCE B. WENDT

IN THE JEWISH WORSHIP EACH VARIED CEREMONIAL, each piece of temple furniture, each priestly vestment, each ritualistic gesture had a spiritual significance. Consider the robes worn by the high priest as he performed the ceremonies of the Day of Atonement. Two distinctive features of his garments had a peculiarly comforting significance for the worshiper. There was first the breastplate which he wore during the ceremony. This was composed of twelve precious stones, each representing one of the original tribes of Israel, and each carved with the name or symbol of the tribe which it represented. As the high priest stood before the assembled congregation, this breastplate, with its engraved jewels, would be most prominent. About his waist the high priest wore a girdle. This was caught up in front by two beautiful clasps. Each clasp was adorned with a very large precious stone, and on each stone were carved the names of six of the tribes. Thus on the clasps also we find the names of the twelve tribes of Israel.

These precious stones would catch and reflect in their glowing colors the dancing flames from the altar of sacrifice, and the names carved on them would be illuminated reminders to the people that no tribe of Israel could be excluded from the benefits of that sacrifice. On the Day of Atonement the high priest entered the Holy of Holies and prayed God for the remission of the sins of the people. In that prayer every worshiper would have a vital interest. It was not only for the sins of the people as a whole that the high priest would pray. He would pray for the remission of

sins of each tribe, mentioning each by name. Suppose the priest, being human, should overlook the name of one tribe, or in the excitement of the awful moment in the presence of God, fail to mention the name of one of these families of Jacob. What a tragedy that would be! But that could not happen. There, in full view of the Shekinah, would blaze the name of that tribe cut deep into the jewel on breastplate and clasp. At least twice would the Deity be confronted with the name of each tribe. What significance immediately attaches to those names cut into jeweled clasp and breastplate!

We are back again in the Upper Room. A solemn hush pervades the chamber, reminding us of the awful moment when the high priest, clad in his jeweled vestments, entered the holy place. Jesus is about to offer his high-priestly prayer of intercession. The Day of Atonement is at hand, and our High Priest must enter the Holy of Holies to make intercession for his friends. As easily as one passes from one room to another, Jesus passes from conversation with his disciples into conversation with his heavenly Father.

The disciples are hushed into silence, as once before in the early days of Jesus' ministry they had been impressed by his praying. Peter, James, and John vaguely sense the significance of the moment. On the top of the mountain they had seen Jesus enter upon such a holy conversation with his Father, and they may have been prepared for another transfiguration. Possibly that is the reason the prayer made such an impression on John that he was able to remember it so fully and to include it in his account of the events of the Upper Room on the night of Christ's betrayal.

The seamless robe of our Master is not held in place

by breastplate or clasp sparkling with jewels mystically carved. He needs no such reminders of the needs of those for whom he should pray. We are not forgotten in this moment, for tomorrow our names will be cut into his hands by cruel nails, and engraved deep in his side by the Roman spear. Weighed down as he is with the shadow of the Cross, heartbroken as he thinks of the one even now bargaining for his betrayal, he thinks of us and of our needs. Those, of course, who have been with him in his earthly ministry must be held up to a Father's love and mercy. But they are not the only ones for whom Jesus prays and of whom he thinks. He remembers us! "Neither pray I for these alone." He prays not only for those who have been with him during those days of his flesh, but for all those who through the ages shall believe on him. His mind is exploring the centuries to come. His hand is graciously reaching down through the generations until it rests in blessing on our heads and catches us up until we too are present in the mind of God as needy suppliants of his merciful pardon.

The publican, standing in the darkened corner of the temple and pleading for an atonement for his sins; Peter, weeping his heart out over his base denial of a loving Master; Luther groaning for justification as he climbs the sacred stairway; Wesley searching the pages of his Greek Testament for the secret of holiness; the humblest worshiper in the most obscure sanctuary; all of us who are conscious of the wickedness of our hearts and are pleading for forgiveness have an interest in that prayer. Listen, then, to the Master as he prays: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me."

In this intercessory prayer Jesus makes three requests for his disciples. He asks that they may have a knowledge of the reality of God which is the only basis for eternal life. He asks that they may have a consciousness of the unity existing between Father and Son and all disciples. He asks that, through the sanctification of the truth and the keeping power of the Father's name, they may have an adequate equipment for the life which they must face. Three great blessings, these: knowledge, unity, and adequate equipment. It is the request for an adequate life equipment which concerns us most. In this equipment there are two items: our remaining in the world while being kept from the power of its evil, and the encircling strength of the divine personality so that we shall be able to persevere.

"I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil [in the world]. . . . Sanctify them through thy truth." The diver insect lives its life in stagnant waters, but it is not part of that decaying water. The insect surrounds itself with a bubble of air and sinks into the stagnant waters to feed. It is in the slime and scum, but it is in no sense of it. This is what Jesus is asking for his disciples. They are not to be placed in another world, but they are to be kept from the evil that is in the world. In this prayer Jesus is facing the fiends of hell who desire the souls of these disciples. He is saying, "Around these I place the holy circle of the truth of God." Inside that divine world of truth the disciples are safe. Inside it we are safe.

"Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me." Engulf them so in this divine personality that all life shall be seen through the

perspective of that name, is what Jesus is saying. Up to this moment Jesus himself had done that. "While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept. . . . Now come I to thee." That safekeeping through the medium of divine personality which had been Jesus' concern must now be entrusted to other hands and powers. "Holy Father, do for them what I can no longer do." This is the burden of Jesus' prayer.

Somewhere I read a delightful story of a London clerk who came into possession of a mysterious Oriental window. He had it installed in the office of the dingy countinghouse where he worked. As he looked at the window, he saw fair parks, lovely streets, beautiful homes, and kindly people rather than the drab streets of London. On the tallest of the beautiful buildings floated a great banner held by a plumed knight in shining armor. The noble knight was bravely and victoriously battling with the dragons of human greed, cruelty, and vice that dwell in the hearts of wicked men. As he gazed, the London clerk forgot the monotony of his lot. He felt and knew that he was indeed a follower and supporter of that plumed knight.

Something holy and glorious came into his life through that window. The light streaming through that wonderful frame, falling over the dull atmosphere of the countinghouse, over the long columns of figures that danced monotonously before his eyes, changed every task from a burden to a happiness, changed the dingy office into a portal of heaven. Each stroke of his pen was a sword stroke in assisting the glorious knight to transform the sordid city into a place for beautiful souls and strong lives to work and dwell in happiness.

This is what Jesus is doing for us in his prayer of intercession. He is asking God to make it possible for us to see our lives through the transforming power of his great and holy character.

In a few hours the disciples would experience the answer to one of these petitions. In the shades of Gethsemane, quietly and steadily the words came from the lips of Jesus, "Whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth," replied the puzzled soldiers. "I am he; and if therefore ye seek me," and his hand waves towards his disciples, "let these go their way." The absence of the disciples from the Sanhedrin court, from Pilate's judgment hall, even from the rocky mound of Golgotha, was the first answer to the petition Jesus offered in the Upper Room.

A few weeks pass, and Jesus' second petition is answered. This time it is in the very room in which the petition had been uttered. The disciples are at prayer when suddenly the house is filled with the sound like a mighty rushing wind. Cloven tongues as of fire sit on the head of each disciple. Each begins to speak with other tongues the wonderful works of God. Yes, indeed God does answer prayer, and sometimes even more quickly than we who are praying or listening to the prayer can readily imagine.

XVI

THE SONG

THE CAGED SONGSTER

Full-throated, head held high, he blithely sings
Through cloud and sunshine, without note of care;
He chafes not at the cruel bludgeonings
Which make him victim of a fate unfair,
Nor beats 'gainst prison bars his futile wings,
Deprived of eager flight in upper air.

Teach us thy secret, little caged bird—
Bravely to sing our own exultant song,
Though hedged by circumstance and hope deferred;
Triumphant over every suffered wrong,
Help us to sing till drooping hearts are stirred
To surmount life's defeats through courage strong.
—CLYDE LEMONT HAY

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON, THERE WE SAT DOWN, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" (Ps. 137:1-4.) In these plaintive words the Jewish singer has shown us that there are moments in which only the refinement of cruelty can demand that men engage in song.

The customary observance of the Passover supper required that it close with a hymn. It is not, therefore, surprising to read that, when the group in the Upper Room had concluded the routine of the Passover observance, they sang a hymn and went out. Yet surely this was a moment when Jesus and his disciples might justly have said that songs were impossible. How, at this moment of all moments, could Jesus sing? His disciples, forgetting all his teachings, had quarreled bitterly over the question of preference. Judas, having concluded his bargain with the priests, was at the very moment probably leading the soldiers through the narrow streets of Jerusalem toward the Upper Room to seize Jesus. Gethsemane with its agony, Calvary with its cross—these were looming in the path before him. How could Jesus sing under circumstances such as these?

The marvel becomes greater when we consider the song they must have used in concluding the Passover celebration. The words which the little band of friends used in their chanting are given to us in Psalms 113-

118. These psalms are the profound expression of the soul of a nation, a nation which had learned to trust in the divine love and mercy. They recount the marvelous goodness and infinite gentleness of God. They call upon all who read them to praise the Lord for his merciful kindness manifested to each individual, to give thanks for the mercy which endureth forever. How can Jesus use these words of praise and thanksgiving when physical torture, mental anguish, and spiritual loneliness are lurking in the hours ahead? How can he sing this song of Zion, this hymn of triumph through God's merciful providence and protection, when he is about to keep a rendezvous with death? Yet there the record stands: "When they had sung an hymn, they went out."

A study of these psalms will disclose that they are the songs of men who, through bitter experiences, have learned to trust God implicitly no matter how foreboding their present outlook may seem. They are the songs of those who have thoroughly learned the lesson that God is "too good to be unkind, and too wise to err." These psalms do not come prior to the providence they commemorate. They were compiled in the light of that afterglow which illuminates God's mercy and softens the rugged outlines of life's bitterness. The providence here praised did not seem quite so lovely when the people of Israel had thirsted in the wilderness, or cowered despairingly between Pharaoh's advancing armies and the threatening waves of the Red Sea. Here, then, is the reason Jesus could sing these psalms on such a night as this. *He was sure of God.* He knew that he was in God's hands every moment. The wisdom of eternity belonged to him who was with God from the beginning, and without whom was not

anything done that was done. That night in which he was betrayed, Jesus knew that God was all, and in all.

To be sure of God! That is the secret of all the music sung by sorely tried hearts in the midst of trial. Job had learned it, and he could sing, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Paul had learned it and, facing death every day, he could exclaim, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep." The martyrs learned it, and aged saints and timid maidens in their last processional across the sands of the arena kept step to the rhythm of their triumphant coronation hymns. In the hardest of moments one can sing if one is sure of God.

No crisis can keep the heart from praise or the lips from song when one is sure of God. "Cheer up," Latimer shouts to his fellow martyr through the flames which envelope them both. "We are today lighting a candle for Christ!" Latimer is sure of God, hence his optimism in the face of death. Two men are numbed in hands and feet almost to insensibility by the stocks that confine them. Their backs are raw and aching from the cruel torture of the Roman scourge. Yet, to the consternation of the jailer and the amazement of the prisoners, they sing the praises of God at midnight. No crisis can daunt the heart which is sure of God, and Paul and Silas are sure of God.

What a religion it is which can thus make Latimer and Ridley sing as they burn, can make Paul and Silas sing with joy rather than groan with pain, can make Jesus pitch a hymn of praise while traitors are plotting and executioners are waiting! Joseph Roth pictures Mendell Singer as an example of what such a religion can do for us here and now. Mendell is a poor workman

who struggles with dire poverty under fearful odds. His wife is a burden instead of a helpmate for him. His oldest son becomes profligate and ends his days in wickedness. His daughter degenerates into a woman of the streets. His youngest child is an invalid idiot. Yet in Mendell Singer's heart there is a great certainty of God, and it keeps him singing. All his world is tumbling down upon him. Everything about him is proving unreliable. Of one thing only is he certain, and that certainty is God. Being sure of God, like ancient Job, he sustains his song!

That is the religion Jesus had, the kind of religion he asked God to give to his disciples, the kind of religion he wants us to have, and which he died to make possible for us all.

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